A true Subiects wish.

For the happy succeſſe of our Royall Army preparing to reſiſt the factious Rebellion of thoſe inſolent Covenanters (againſt the ſacred Maieſty, of our gracious and loving king *Charles*) in *Scotland*.

To the tune of, *O how now Mars, &c.*

If ever England had occaſion,
Her ancient honour to defend,
Then let her now make preparation,
Unto an honourable end:
the factious Scot
is very hot,
His ancient ſpleene is not forgot
He long hath bin about this plot.

Under the colour of religion,
(With hypocriticall pretence)
They make a fraction in that Region,
And Riſe againſt their native Prince,
whom heaven bleſſe
with happineſſe,
and all his enemies repreſſe,
accurſt be he that witheth leſſe.

Our gracious Soveraigne very mildely,
Did grant them what they did deſire,
Yet they ingratefully and vildly,
Have ſtill continued the fire
of diſcontent
'gainſt government,
but England now is fully bent,
proud Jocky's boſting to prevent.

It much importeth Englands honour
Such faithleſſe Rebels to oppoſe,
And eleuate Saint Georges banner,
Againſt them as our countries foes,
and they ſhall ſee,
how ſtoutly we,
(for Royall Charles with courage free)
will fight if there occaſion be.

Unto the world it is apparent,
That they rebell ith' high'ſt degree,
No true Religion will give warrant,
That any ſubiect arm'd ſhould be,
againſt his Prince
in any ſence,
what ere he hold for his pretence,
Rebellion is a foule offence.

Nay more to aggravate the euill,
And make them odious mongſt good men,
It will appeare, that all their levell,
Is change of gouernment, and then,
what will inſue,
amongſt the crew,
but Iocky with his bonnet blew,
both Crown and Scepter would ſubdue.

Who of theſe men will take compaſſion,
That are diſloyall to their king,
Among them borne in their owne nation,
And one who in each lawfull thing,
doth ſeeke their weale,
with perfect Zeale,
to any good man I'le appeale,
if with king Charles they rightly deale.

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The Second part, To the ſame tune.

THe Lord to publiſh their intentions,
Did bring to light a treacherous thing,
For they to further their inventions,
A Letter wrote to the French King,
and in the ſame,
his aide to claime,
with ſubtlety their words they fraime,
which letter to our Soveraigne came.

Then let all loyall ſubiects lodge it,
If we haue not a cauſe to fight,
You who haue mony doe not grudge it,
But in your king and countries right,
freely diſburſe,
both perſon, purſe,
and all you may to auoyd the curſe,
of laſting warre which will be worſe.

If they are growne ſo farre audacious,
That they durſt call in forraine aide,
Againſt a king ſo milde and gratious,
Haue we not cauſe to be afraid,
of life and blood,
we then had ſtood,
in danger of ſuch neighbourhood,
in time to quell them twill be good.

Then noble Country-men be armed,
To tame theſe proud outdaring Scots,
That Englands honour be not harmed,
Let all according to their lots,
courageouſly
their fortune try,
againſt the vaunting enemy,
and come home crowned with victory.

The noble Iriſh good example,
Doth giue of his fidelity,
His purſe, and perſon is ſo ample,
To ſerue his royall maieſty,
and gladly he
the man will be,
to ſcourge the Scots diſloyalty,
if Englands honour would agree.

Then we more neerely intereſted,
Ith future danger that might chance,
If that againſt our ſoveraigne bleſſed,
Theſe rebels had got aide from France,
ſhould not be ſlacke,
nor ere ſhrinke backe,
or let king Charles aſſiſtance lacke,
to tame in time this ſaucy Jacke.

We haue a Generall ſo noble,
(The great Earle of Northumberland)
That twill (I truſt) be little trouble,
Theſe factious rebels to withſtand:
his very name
ſeemes to proclaime,
and to the world diuulge the ſame,
his anceſtors there won ſuch fame.

The God of hoſts goe with our army,
My noble hearts for you ile pray,
That neuer any foe may harme ye,
Nor any ſtratagem betray
your braue deſigne,
may beames diuine,
vpon your enſignes brightly ſhine,
Amen (ſay I,) and euery friend of mine.

FINIS. M.P.

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